

for powder, they'll fill a pica well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

*West.* I, but, *Sir Iohn*, nee-thinks they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggerly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that. And for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer learnt that of me.

*Prin.* No ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers on the rib, bares but sirra, make haste, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

*Fal.* What, is the King incamp'd?

*West.* He is, *Sir Iohn*, I feare we shall stay too long,

*Fal.* Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.*

*Hot.* Weele fight with him to night.

*Wor.* It may not bee.

*Dow.* You giue him then aduantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? lookes hee not for supply?

*Ver.* So doe wee.

*Hot.* His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be aduisde, stir not to night.

*Ver.* Do not, my Lord.

*Dow.* You doe not counsell well;

Thou speakst it out of feare, and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do not slander, *Douglas*, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well-respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsell with weake feare,

As you my Lord, or any *Soot*, that this day liues:

Let it bee seene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

*Dow.* Yea, or to night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horses

Of my cousin *Vernons* are not yet come vp.

Your

Your Vncle *Worcesters* Horse came b

And now their pride and metall is ad

Their courage with hard labour tam

That not a horse is halfe the halfe of

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enema

In generall iourney bated and brough

The better part of ours are full of res

*Wor.* The number of the King excee

For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all co

The Trumpet sounds a parley. *Enter*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offer

If you vouchsafe me hearing and res

*Hot.* Welcome, sir *Walter Blunt*: a

You were of our determination;

Some of vs loue you well, and euen

Enuy your great deseruings and goo

Because you are not of our quality,

But stand against vs like an Enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend, but still I

So long as out of limit and true rule

You stand against anoynted Maiesty

But to my charge. The King, harsh is

The nature of your griefes, and wh

You coniure from the brest of ciuil

Such bold Hostility, teaching his d

Audacious cruelty. If that the King

Haue any way your good deserts fo

Which he confesseth to bee manife

He bids you name your grieve, and v

You shall haue your desire with int

And pardon absolute for your selfe

Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The King is kind: and well w

Knowes at what time to promise, v

My Father, my Vncle, and my selfe

Did giue him that same royaltie he

And when he was not sixe and twe

Sicke in the worlds regard, wretch